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AFTER THE CHASE. — DAVID NEAL.

which give him a brave general aspect. Dakota and Nebraska are the Mecca and Medina of this animal, and he abounds in the swamps of Yakema River, in Washington Territory. Badger mothers are not so prolific as many animals — rats for example — nor are they very solicitous of their young. They rarely whelp more than five, and not often more than three young ones; these they suckle for about six weeks, and then turn out of house and home to shift for themselves. When full-grown, their usual height at the shoulder, is nearly a foot, and the legs are of great strength and sturdy make. They have five toes, set in the flesh, both before and behind, and their claws are compressed and powerful. As they live in deep holes, and are experts at burrowing, beyond the conception of a novice, these claws are essential to their life and safety. The European Badger has the hair, in the upper part of his body, stained by three different colors; at the root it is yellowish white; in the middle black; and, at the end, an ashy gray. The throat, under-parts, and legs are of a deep black.

Harlequin as he is, however, he makes the solitudes lively and picturesque. The hunter has almost exterminated him in England, along with the wolves and long anterior bisons; and the fierce breed of mighty dogs, which could pull down an ox, and with which he used to follow these animals to the death, have also well nigh vanished. There is no longer any use for them — and nature, obedient to Darwin, makes a more civilized selection, both for hunting and for the companionship of man. We well remember the time, however, when as a boy we used to go with the keepers into the woods of Nottingham and Northamptonshire to hunt badgers with dogs, and picks, and spades, and a merry time we had of it. Here is a scene which lives in our memory as if it had been enacted but yesterday. We have started, hunted, and brought a great he-badger to bay. With inconceivable rapidity he has dug a hole to cover himself, and is ready for our attack on him.

Try to unearth him, my brave fellows! Here you dogs! Go at him, bullies, if you dare. Ah! there goes "Slipjibbet," as I live — head foremost into the mouth of the burrow, and into the jaws of the badger, take my word for it! Farther and farther goes the dog, deeper and deeper bores the badger. Now for the tussle! "Slipjibbet" tackles him! Hurra for "Slipjibbet!" See how he tears the earth, pulling with four strong feet, and a mouth full of teeth, which have hold of the badger somewhere.

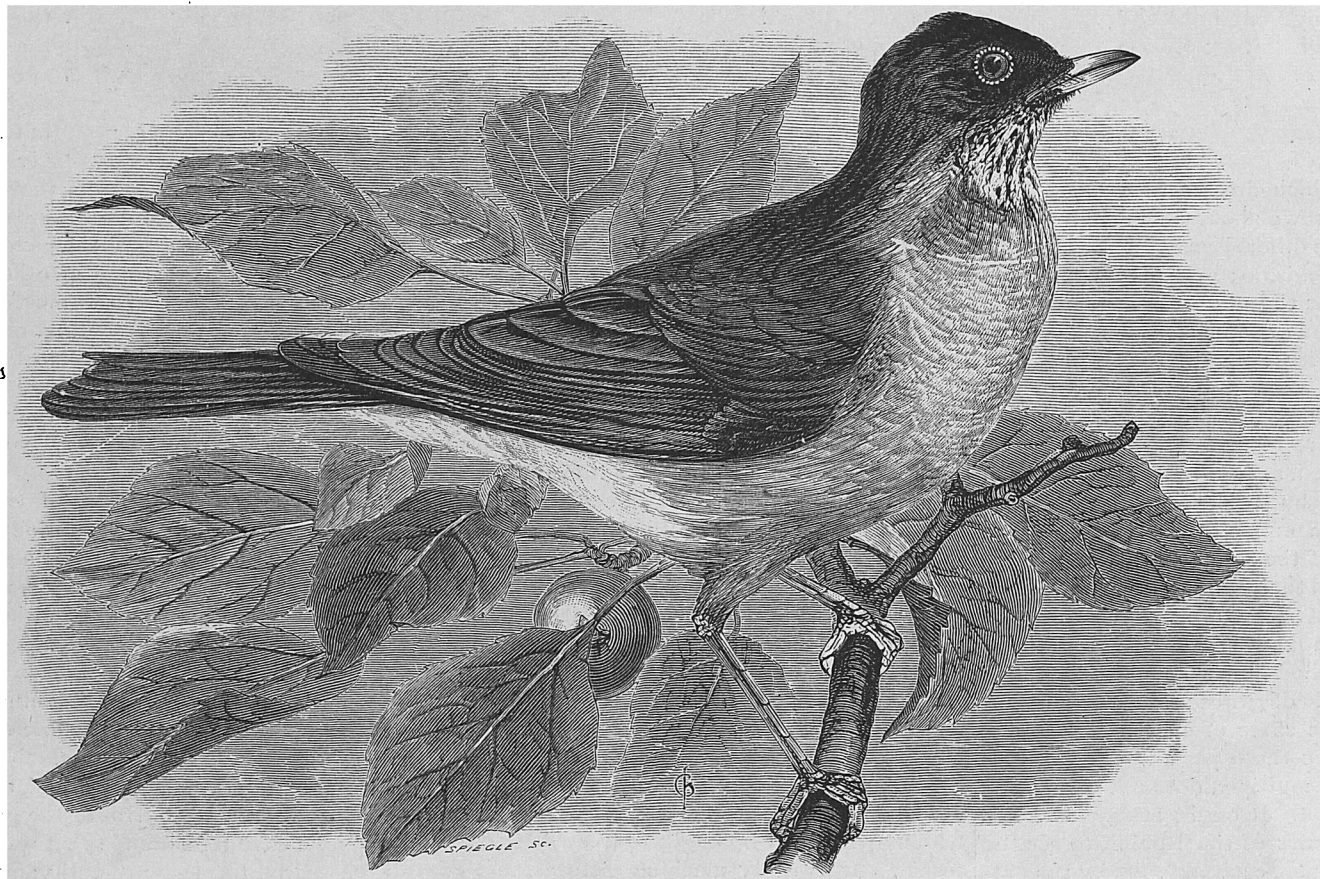
Why don't he draw him? He is big enough — much bigger than the badger is! Still he don't bring him out. That delicate badger don't want to leave his new house — that's sure. But mark, how they struggle! See how the badger's roof shakes! Bravo, "Slipjibbet"! He will have him yet. He drags him. He has got him nearly to the top. Hark to that muffled snarling, and tearing inside, and see again how the dog tugs at the stubborn beast, that won't come. Ah! "Slipjibbet" has lost his hold of him! See how he backs out in a hurry. Hollo! old fellow, what a pickle you are in, ain't you? One eye rent to the socket. His brave old breast torn open with those villainous badger claws! Bit through the snout — the right cheek, as if cut by a sharp knife, drops over his jaws, raw, bloody, and horrible to see! Black George, my friend, the deuce is to pay with "Slipjibbet." Now let "Judas" try his luck, whilst "Sandy Bob," your cadger, dresses the other poor fellow's wounds, bathes and sews his

cheek over the bone, and puts a cold-water bandage over his eye-hole, out of which he will never more see day-light.

This is a sample of such badger baiting and hunting as we saw in the days when England was a very barbarous country, and a gentle queen mother sat upon the throne of that kingdom. It is next to impossible, without exercising a most cowardly cruelty, to unearth a he badger, with dogs, and many a good dog has been killed outright by many a good badger. Then, as in our picture, the men dig down for him with spades. But it is dangerous work; for a man's leg or arm in his iron jaws would crack like an icicle; and somebody is sure to get hurt in the crowd before the badger is caught or killed.

AFTER THE CHASE

THIS engraving is from a painting by David Neal, a young American artist, now residing in Munich. The picture tells its own story. The successful hunter has thrown himself into an arm-chair, and is gallantly drinking the health of the fair waitress who serves him with fruit and wine. A bunch of game is flung carelessly on the floor, and his dog is watching it, as well as the friendly advances of a lap-dog, while on the table lies the gun and other tokens of the chase. The time is supposed to be about the



THE AMERICAN ROBIN.—GILBERT BURLING.

end of the seventeenth century, and all the furniture and other accessories are careful studies from relics of that period.

This is Mr. Neal's first attempt at figure painting, his previous works having been interiors and views of old buildings, besides several very picturesque bits of Venetian scenery. A single glance at the picture shows with what skill and facility in drawing the artist has handled his subject; and those who were fortunate enough to see the painting in the exhibition of the Academy of Design, in New York, will remember the force, richness, and admirable arrangement of the coloring. The artist is said to consider this picture his most successful piece of color.

Mr. Neal's artistic studies have been made mostly in Munich, and for the last three years he has been a favorite pupil of the celebrated Carl Pilotz, under whose direct advice and supervision the "Return from the Chase" was painted.

At present Mr. Neal is just completing a picture of young Watt, the inventor of the art of rendering steam useful. It has already been purchased by Sir Benjamin Phillips, of London, and will probably never be brought to this country. We hope, however, to reproduce it in engraving at some future time. The purchaser of "Watt" has ordered of Mr. Neal a companion picture of "Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London," which will occupy his time for several years to come.

America may well feel proud when her sons earn for themselves such high positions as David Neal

has won for himself in one of the great art-centres of Europe.

THE AMERICAN ROBIN.

AMONG us Americans, who are, whatever we may say, much led and prejudiced by the traditions of the mother-country, all the pretty poetry about the Robin-redbreast has descended and been transferred to the native representative.

The ideal of the Robin, or Redbreast of Great Britain, is familiar, from our nursery rhymes. Every one, speaking our language, has been accustomed to regard him as a sort of typical embodiment of gentleness and rural happiness. He is associated, in the mind's eye, with pictures of pretty peaked-roofed cottages, covered with thatch, and nearly hidden by climbing rose-trees and blooming hawthorns, past which there runs a well-worn cart-road, leading to commodious barns, and a sheep-fold or a cattle-yard, redolent of bovine perfumes; while beyond stretches a homely landscape of fertile fields and flowery hedges, with clumps of oaks, here and there, and away in the distance a blue line of hills defining the limits of vision. Substitute for the thatched cottage, a cottage of the regular New England, or of the Middle States model; for the blooming hawthorn, apple and dog-wood trees in full blossom; retain the barns, and the cattle-yards, and the sheep-fold; think of stone walls for the hedges, and a rolling, varied stretch of plowed fields, grassy hill-sides and wooded knolls, bounded by a grand mountain-range, and the ideal has become ours by the right of inheritance.

The American Robin is an entirely distinct species from his European congener, from whom he is named, and is a larger and more numerous species. He migrates, which, the Rev. Gilbert White, in his delightful "Natural History of Selborne," tells us, the Redbreast of Britain does not do; and, lastly, he has not a red breast, but a dark bay-colored one. We

have, it should be mentioned, a little thrush, with English Robin as one of his local names, and the Cedar-bird, also so called by some; but they do not resemble it, even distantly, especially the last, which is a chatterer, quite unlike any species of thrush.

Our Robins arrive from the South, as soon as the weather begins to show any signs of returning spring; frequently coming among us in the January thaws, only to be driven back again by the return of severe cold. It sometimes happens that these too impatient flocks get caught in the violent and blinding snow-storms, so apt to rage after a warm spell in midwinter. An old inhabitant of New York told me, that on such an occasion, many years ago, the city was filled with thousands of these birds, driven, wearied and perishing, to the protection of the houses, and it naturally followed that the people made a great feast of them.

When the Robins finally settle down among us in the spring, they become very sociable, and do not hesitate to build their nests in exposed trees in the most frequented part of our grounds. The first nest is usually commenced early in April; the deciduous trees being yet leafless, cedar or other evergreens are chosen, as affording more concealment for such bulky structures of coarse grass, roots and sticks. They usually lay four, sometimes five eggs, and raise as many as three broods in favorable seasons. The young birds mature very rapidly, and soon learn to shift for themselves. During the entire season of incubation, the Robins continue to sing; at first in-